

# Campbell Interurban Press.

Fifteenth Year.

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1908.

No. 3

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CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

## CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

ELGIN C. HURLBERT

Editor and Proprietor

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### EDITORS MEET AT PALO ALTO.

On Monday of last week the Santa Clara County Editorial Association, composed of the editors of papers outside of San Jose, went to Palo Alto on invitation of Editor H. W. Simkins to dedicate his new and modern printing office building. The boys, with their wives, arrived on the scene and were met at the depot by the genial president of the Association, L. P. Hathaway, who piloted the newspaper visitors to the office of the "Citizen" and after "taking in" that commodious printery we were taken to the private offices of its owner—J. F. Parkinson—where we all renewed acquaintances and met other new faces, after which a short business session was held.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Simkins appeared on the scene and intimated that he was ready to show us through the new "Times" building. The new building is on a corner, centrally located, and occupies the entire size of the lot, 50x100, an idea of the rapid increase in land values being gained when it is known that the lot alone is worth \$4000. The building is of re-enforced concrete, of mission design, the interior presenting a pleasing mission effect.

As the editors viewed the superbly arranged office appointments, manager's office, editor's sanctum, reporters' room, stock room, lavatories, linotype room, (with two linotypes installed) in addition to the large work room filled with modern presses, paper folders, steam cutter and every convenience known to the printing business, they were amazed at the completeness of the plant and wondered how he had been able in a dozen years to advance from one of the smallest shops to the most complete job and newspaper plants in the county. The thing is accounted for in the fact that Simkins saw the possibility of Palo Alto and stuck to it, made a few wise realty investments and has made good.

The hour of twelve having arrived the guests and the employees of the "Times" repaired to Fraternity Hall, where a long table had been spread, which was laden with every imaginable good thing to please the palate. This feast of good things had been prepared by Mrs. Kasson, wife of City Editor Kasson. After doing full justice to the repast, President Hathaway took the reins and called on the editors present to respond to toasts. As a special guest of honor, Friend W. Richardson, president of the State Editorial Association, was present and enjoyed the day's festivities. He intimated that next year the State Association would have their outing at Yosemite.

The next thing on the program was a trolley ride in a special car over the entire system. This courtesy was the more appreciated when it was stated that it was the first time such a favor had been granted by President Hanchett. After viewing the beautiful homes of University avenue and Waverly street, including that of "Pansy" Alden, we were transferred to speedy autos at the Corbaley & Thorpe Garage. Mr. Corbaley personally conducted a car and J. F. Parkinson handled his own machine, while Herbert Strachin guided the destiny of the third machine. It was in the latter machine that this editor and his wife were placed and it was a great ride, and a most competent young man at the wheel. The party were driven to where the Dumbarton bridge is being constructed across the bay, which is about three miles from Palo Alto and where rails are already laid from Redwood City. It will not be long before steel will be spanning this great bridge of over a mile long. At Port Palo Alto Mr. Parkinson and others own several hundred acres of land which is expected will become the site of many manufacturing plants, with a steam or electric road connecting with Palo Alto proper. Why not? Strange to say, a pier and warehouse now standing there was built by some Irishmen in 1852, it then being a part of San Francisco, but in the sixties became a part of San Mateo county. Now the metropolis is planning to come south and annex that part of the county.

From this point we were whirled on through oak-shaded roads and private lanes, past the beautiful Flood home, through Menlo Park, Fair Oaks, past the two new homes of Mrs. Winchester, besides scores of other homes equally as pretty and charming. It was not long until we were around back of the University buildings, climbing up Alta Vista driveway to a magnificent view-point in front of the palatial Lathrop home. From this spot the panorama of university buildings, elegant dwellings, pretty lawns and blue bay beyond, is one long to be remembered. We return down the winding hill, congratulating ourselves that the machine did not "buck" on the hill, pass on through Stanford University grounds, are amazed at the progress being made of reconstructing the massive buildings, and are given a taste of what it is to fly along at a rapid pace over the smooth "for autos only" drive leading out of the grounds. We return to the garage with the conscious feeling that for a couple hours, at least, we have been millionaires, for have we not enjoyed their blessings?

After a pleasant visit at the model "Tribune" office where the editor, J. Hall Henry extended friendly courtesies, we departed for home, mighty well pleased with Palo Alto, its hospitable newspaper men and citizens.

The friends present, besides host, Editor Simkins, were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Trantham, "Los Gatos News"; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, "Los Gatos Mail"; Mr. and Mrs. Will Blake, Gilroy "Advocate"; Mr. and Mrs. Elgin C. Hurlbert, "East San Jose Post" and "Campbell Interurban Press"; Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Hathaway, and J. F. Parkinson, "Palo Alto Citizen"; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kasson, "Palo Alto Daily Times" and Weekly "Palo Alto"; F. W. Richardson, Berkeley Daily "Gazette"; J. Hall Henry, "Palo Alto Tribune" and W. K. Roberts, "Sunnyvale Standard." Sorry the remaining members were not present.

East San Jose is considering the matter of a sewer system and water plant. These are essential to a town if it is intended to grow.—Mountain View Register.

Now that the decision of Judge Richards will bar the saloons from the residence section of San Jose, what more right have they to exist throughout the residence sections of the county? A petition will soon be presented to the Supervisors which will ask that saloons be not licensed anywhere outside of the incorporated towns and we look for a large majority of the voters names upon the petition. It is only a question of a short time until the saloon must go, and it's up to Supervisors Mitchell, Roll, Ayer, Hubbard and Hersman as to what they will do with the proposed petition. It is safe to say that the constituents of a majority of the board are for no saloons.

The East San Jose Post, speaking of the terms of three Supervisors which expire this year, viz: Ayer, Hubbard and Mitchell, states that it has heard of no opponent to Mitchell. Wake up brother Hurlbert, the Supervisor from the Fifth has an opposing candidate, Wright, of Mountain View. And Wright is getting busy, too!—Mountain View Register.

Wright is right, all right, and a right smart Supervisor he would make, but the "dems" have a man at Mountain View who would give either "the watch dog of the treasury" or Wright a run for their life this year, in the person of "Mike" Farrell. Eh?

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## WHERE LIES THE LAND?

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;  
And where the land she travels from?  
Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!  
Or o'er the stern reclining; watch below  
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild northwestern rave,  
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
The dripping sails thereon the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;  
And where the land she travels from?  
Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.  
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

## "GONGO ALLAH"

The old man told the story as he and I sat by the edge of the water watching the sun sink on the hot prairie.

I was traveling in command of a small body of mounted infantry across the plains of Northern Nigeria, from Lokoja to Lake Chad.

The country was scorched and black. The grass between the withered trees was dry as tinder and only served to reflect the intense heat. Now and again we crossed the paths of vast bush fires. Water holes were few and far apart. Of the streams and tributaries of the great lake none seemed to flow on our side. The land cried out for the life-giving tornadoes and torrential rains of the spring.

Birds and beasts there were none. Even the insects had disappeared. Except for a small party of wandering Mohammedan traders, with mouths and noses well muffled from the hot dust, we had met with no living creatures throughout that day.

From these men we learned that not far away water was to be found in abundance, but knowing the unreliability of such information it was with astonishment as well as relief that we came late that afternoon on a large and clear running stream.

At the smell of the water the faded horses raised a feeble trot down to the ford where native women were filling their jars.

The banks of the stream were green with bushes and trees, under whose shade men lounged watching their cattle pasture. A small mud-walled town stood near by, and the surrounding gardens and farms, green and well tended, proved water to be abundant.

I sat outside the camp watching the line of picketed horses and the men who, rested and refreshed, prepared their evening meal. Right beneath the red sun a cloud of dust marked the approach of a belated caravan. From the roof of a tiny mosque there came the last call of the summons to prayer. A long procession of turbaned figures emerged from the main gate of the town, and marched to the water's edge, where they halted. They formed into a line facing the water. The workers in the fields and by the stream ceased their toil and stood silent as the worshippers, bowing down, repeated what was evidently a formula whose purport I could not catch. Then rising they shouted thrice in unison, "Adjulal! Adjulal! Ho! Adjulal!" after which they disappeared.

Later that night I received a visit from an old man, a sub-chief of the town, who had found a relation among the soldiers, and came to pay me his respects. I was on the point of dismissing him when the little ceremony I had witnessed recurred to me and I asked him its meaning.

"We called upon Adjulal," he said, "a name much in honor in this country. Once a year do all men come to the banks of this river, which is called 'Gongo Allah,' in your tongue 'the Gift of Allah,' to thank him for bringing our fathers into the true faith, and for making the dry land a garden. Does my father wish to hear the story?"

I nodded, and the old man proceeded. "Long ago, then, before the days of the Mohammedans, when the people here still worshipped the fetiches, one Adjulal, a wandering missionary, came down a far journey from the north, and sat down at this town of Ingrum-wai."

"He remained here teaching the people the faith of the Prophet and curing sickness with drugs and simples. He was welcomed for his piety and goodness, nor did the fetish harm him, for though he was of another faith he did not trouble the people, but lived in peace among them, staying quietly in his house and stirring up no strife."

"Now in those days, this river, the Gongo Allah, which my lord sees before him, did not exist. All the land was dry from here up to Lake Chad, even as the desert through which my lord has passed. All the water the people got was from water holes which the rats stored filled, and if they were emptied before the next rains came the people suffered and made sacrifices to their false fetiches."

"It is said, for this was very long ago, when the good man had sat down a long time teaching the faith, that for all that time the water holes were never dry nor was there famine. The

farms were always green, the flocks and herds fat and increasing, and the happiness of the people was very great. Yet did Adjulal demand nothing of their prosperity. Bowing down on his mat, he thanked Allah for his goodness to himself and his friends, among whom he lived, and prayed Him to bless them and make them look to Him."

"On the evening of a certain day after eating, the elders of the village came to him as he sat outside his house. They told him, how, since his coming, such prosperity as they had not known had come to them. They pointed out that he had asked nothing in return, but had lived in peace as a man poor amongst them, and had not troubled or oppressed them, and therefore they said: 'We have decided to give up the old gods and follow the great Allah to whom you pray, and who can give such great good to his worshippers.'

"Now it so happened that no sooner had Adjulal broken their idols to powder and received them into the true faith, that the great drought came. The water sank lower and lower in the pools, the grass withered and dried up and the mud came into sight. The farms turned brown, for there was no water for them, and the yams and corn were blackened, yet for the love the people had for Adjulal they suffered in silence and forbore to trouble him."

"Not until the people, who once in their abundance were able even to wash their bodies, began to die from thirst, and the plain was white with the bones of their sheep and cattle, did they go to him. But Adjulal, who sat in his house, showed them that how for a long time nothing but good had come to them, and now that Allah had sent them adversity it was not right for them to rebel, but to receive what was sent them with humility. So the people went home with darkened faces."

"Then as the famine was sore in the land the people began to grumble and regret their own gods—their idols of clay. They remembered not that in those days the water had dried up. To them it seemed as if before the coming of Adjulal there always had been abundance. So short is man's memory of



THE OLD MAN TOLD THE STORY.

past good, when misfortune comes upon him!

"Now the old men and the young men were divided. The first said, 'Let us wait, for our new faith is a good faith; that it can give good we have seen. Let us be patient till our new Lord sees fit to take the evil from us and send us rain.' But the young men said, 'No! Let us beg pardon of the old gods and return to them.' And because the people were full of the terror of death the young men prevailed."

"They took Adjulal from his house and led him outside the town and beat him with sticks so that he died. 'Now when the deed was done and the body of the good man buried deep in the sand, a great fear came upon them. They returned to their houses and remembered what he had done for them and the goodness of his life.'

"The young men crept away and hid and the King called the people together. 'Adjulal taught us,' he said, 'that when a man dies the angel of the Lord comes down at sunset and takes the soul from the body. There is no doubt, then, that when he comes this night Adjulal will tell him what has been done to him, and will ask for our punishment. It is better to die outside the town. Let us go and wait beside his grave.'

"They mourned over Adjulal till past sunset, and then the King said, 'He has not told the angel. He is waiting. Until to-morrow we are safe, but do not forget that he taught us how on the second night after a man dies, the angel at sunset cleanses and prepares his soul so that it may stand well before Allah. Now to-morrow surely the angel will see what has been done to him. Then our fate will be upon us. Let us therefore return here to-morrow evening.' So they came and cried round the grave the second time."

"When again the sun sank and no harm came to them the young men, becoming bolder, returned to the town, and the King ordered them at once to be seized and bound, for he said, 'Adjulal taught us that on the third night the soul stands before Allah and demands its 'gift' from Him. Whatever it asks for must be given. No doubt he will tell Him what we have done and for his gift demand vengeance on us. Yet perchance he will remember that we did not all wish to kill him and only ask for vengeance on his murderers. Thus the town may be spared.'

"They mourned and fasted, then, all that night and all the next day, and in the evening crouched weeping round the grave. As the sun began to sink the King told Adjulal that he must not punish them all for what was done by a few, and the young men, knowing their wickedness, had nothing to say. It seemed long before the sun was down, for they feared greatly. Yet no rain had fallen, nor were their hearts faithful, for many are minded if the evil passed over them to keep to the old gods."

"And now, O white man," said the old man, losing his politeness in his earnestness, "see the greatness of Allah."

As the sun touched the sand there came a moving and a shaking above the grave like as the top of the water is disturbed when two crocodiles fight beneath the surface. The sand twisted and spun round and round and began to form a great pit, falling away like the water falls down a hole in the river bed.

"The people covered their heads. They thought that this was Adjulal, who had obtained his gift, coming up to take vengeance on his slayers. The sand flew round and round and the hole widened and deepened. When, as the sun touched the plain, lo! a great wonder! From the bottom of the pit came a vast spirit of water! It filled the pit and, overflowing, rushed down the valley."

"The people ran crying through the dark back to the town. Not till the morning did they dare to return. Then they saw this stream flowing peacefully, and never since has it died away. They rushed for the water, but, before any man was allowed to drink, the King bade all of them stand together on the bank, and in this wise he spake: 'Ho, Adjulal!' he said, 'Instead of death thou hast given us life. From this day thy God is the God of this country, and his worship shall avail. On this day when in each year it comes round, the people shall here assemble to give thanks and remember the good Adjulal, who demanded as his gift not a curse but a blessing on the people that forsook and killed him.'

"So, my father, it has always been. Dry seasons come and go, but the old water holes never fill, nor does this river ever dry up, and to-day the people according to the custom have been remembering him."

"And did the people never again fall away?" I asked.

"No, for the story says that when, after many years, the Mohammedans came down from the north, they found the true faith firmly established here. Now all are good Mohammedans and worship God and the Prophet, and the river is known as the 'Gongo Allah' even to this day."

A bugle call interrupted us. We crossed the ford and parted, the old man returning to the town while I sought the camp to prepare for the next day's march.—Black and White.

## MAPLE CANDY AND HOT SUGAR.

Delicacies You Get Only Where the Sap-Giving Trees Grow.

Good maple sirup and good maple sugar are hard to get in New York, but they can be got. There are two products of the juice of the maple, however, which can be obtained only where the maple trees grow—maple candy and warm sugar, says the New York Sun.

You've got to go to the neighborhood of the sugar camps up-State or in Vermont or in Canada to get these delicacies. Maple candy is nothing but maple sugar in preliminary stage.

The sap is boiled beyond the point where it is sirup and almost to the point where it sugars. It is largely a matter of guess to know just when to stop the boiling process, but the makers get very expert in guessing.

If you stop the boiling in time and let the mess cool you get maple candy. It is like taffy, very sticky and chewy.

It is put up in vessels of birch bark and sold that way in the stores, but none of it gets very far away from the place of its origin, for it is perishable.

Warm sugar isn't much different from maple candy except that it is warm. Sap is boiled almost up to the sugaring-off stage. Bowls of hot sap are brought to the table, which already holds pans of snow.

You dip a ladle into the sap and pour the liquid over the snow. As it cools it hardens, and you wind it up over a fork and eat it. Then you get the real maple flavor in its delicate entirety.

Up in New York State it is quite the fashion in early spring for young people to go on what they call sugar bums. A party is got up and arrangements made with a farmer who has a maple grove.

It is a midday affair. The young people drive out to the farmhouse about noon. Caldrons of maple sap have been boiling for hours. The dining table is nearly covered with pans of snow.

Then the hot sap is brought in and the whole party gets very busy devouring warm sugar. With the sugar you eat hot biscuits and pickles and drink milk. It sounds indigestible, but either the young up-country stomach is a wonder or the various parts of the mess harmonize. At any rate, no ill effects are observed.

It is possible to get a sort of warm sugar by boiling the regular maple sugar of commerce in water. If no snow is handy, shaved ice will answer. But the result isn't satisfactory, as the product is sugary and lacks the true flavor and smoothness.

## For Appearances' Sake.

"What would you say if your party leaders were to come to you and say your country called you?"

"If I were sure they spoke with sincerity," replied Senator Sorghum, "I should exhibit great reluctance."

"Even though they besought you?"

"Certainly. It's only when they are beseeching you that it is safe to show reluctance."—Washington Star.

A man seldom realizes what it is to be disappointed in love until after he is led to the altar by the woman of his choice.

A man who can turn his hand to anything is usually too lazy to make the turn.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE INFAMY OF BLACKMAIL.



AM an old fool," and so were David, the hero, and Solomon, the sage; but Thomas C. Platt, as a sequel to his folly, has conferred on society a material benefit in that he challenged the blackmailer and that whole tribe of moral lepers, compared with whom the assassin and the thief are exemplary characters. How many millions are extorted from men in high places as the price of secrecy the world will never know. It is the basest of all multifarious expedients of crime and the most cowardly. The "Black Hand" carries terror to those against whom it is aimed; but compared with the secret and noiseless work of the social blackmailer the "Black Hand" is a rather respectable method of diabolism. It carries a knife with which to relieve its victim of his wretchedness, and takes its own life in hand when it makes the venture.

We are persuaded that the act of Platt in refusing the demands of Mae Catherine Wood and the act of Justice O'Gorman in sending the woman to prison will work wonders for the peace of society. It was a brave thing to do when Platt appealed to the court of justice, and would that every other man so beleaguered would do as much. Though his sin was scarlet, the public would applaud his service to society. The murderer may be a daring man, and so the thief; but your blackmailer is ever a coward, and it only needs to defy him to be rid of him. All other infamy shrinks to venial sin compared to the moral iniquity of the man or woman who demands a price for silence.—Washington Post.

## KEEP THE SCHOOLHOUSE OPEN.



HY should our schools be closed during the summer?

Is it to give the teachers a vacation? They certainly need it, but could not substitutes be found? Is it for the sake of economy? What worse economy is there than that which provides conditions which not only lead to the tremendous expense of courts and reformatories, but to the infinitely greater cost of lives that have been ruined through that mischief which Satan finds for idle hands?

Boys and girls might be injured by a twelve-months' application to books? There are other things than books in our education. The vacation school should teach something else than winter school.

Why not teach a trade? Or play? At any rate, boys and girls ought to be kept off the street. And it makes no difference whether the street is in the city or in the small town. A great many of us think that the small town street is as demoralizing as the city street.

Notwithstanding all our talk about the new education, our schools still can be improved. But the reform that is needed is not so much in the curriculum as in the conception of the very purpose of school. It is all very well to discuss "Frills" and the "Three R's," but let us open

## WEATHER TO SUIT.

"No weather report received, so we republish that of yesterday," a certain village newspaper announced, on a tempestuous day when the wires were down. The editor of a more enterprising sheet did better—he proceeded to make good the deficiency himself.

"Feeling sure that our readers will wish to learn the probabilities, officially or otherwise," he declared, confidentially, "we have taken personal pains to ascertain them. We first consulted that respected authority, Squire Pedbury—discovering incidentally as we crossed the pond that the ice is not firm enough for skating. Boys, take warning! and as we sat on the top step emptying the water out of our boots, squire gave us his views from the hall. As we were wetter than a drowned rat, and shook off showers with every shiver, he did not, out of respect for Mrs. Pedbury's carpets, ask us in. We would have appreciated it if he had, but cannot wonder."

"Squire opines the wind will go down with the sun; that there will be a big drop in the thermometer by midnight, and clear, cold weather to-morrow."

"Our confidence in his judgment is such that we were returning satisfied, when on the corner we blew violently into the arms of Cap'n Ebenezer Tuttle, who disentangled us from his muller with difficulty and warm language, but subsequently consented to prognosticate for publication. Cap'n Eb says the mercury will rise as the wind drops; that we are going to have a real spring, mild spell, and he'll bet his hat there'll be a warm rain by to-morrow noon. He states that Squire Pedbury is a fine man, but when it comes to weather, his opinion is not worth shucks."

"At our office door we encountered our esteemed subscriber, Miss Lydia Pettengill, with whom we enjoyed a pleasant chat while rectifying her new silk umbrella, which had blown inside out. Miss Pettengill differs from the gentlemen with modest reluctance, and is a little shy at present; but she is perfectly sure there will be no present change in temperature, nor will the wind subside, as we are receiving the first installment of what is bound to be a 'dry storm' of several days' duration."

"Our readers can take their choice. Meanwhile the gale still howls, and we can assure them, with a fervor unanimously shared by our three authorities, that they will be much more comfortable indoors conversing about the weather than outdoors experiencing it."—Youth's Companion.

There never were men like the men we expect our neighbors to be.

our eyes to something more fundamental. The welfare of the community demands training in self-restraint and plain decency.

When that happy day for which we look dawns and we all come to our senses, we shall see that the duty of the State is not to teach boys and girls for nine months in the year and then turn them loose for three months; we shall see to it that if fathers and mothers forsake their children, then the State shall take them up—into school, not jail. If it is the duty of the school to keep growing children from bad influences in the winter, it is even more its duty to keep children from evil in the summer.—The World To-Day.

## DO WE WANT LOWER CALIFORNIA?



CALIFORNIA Congressman wants this country to buy Lower California. The immediate prompting of such a purpose is the advantage of Magdalena Bay as a naval station. Although Lower California is, generally speaking, a desolate and deserted stretch of territory, Magdalena Bay is a superb harbor; its wide and deep waters are protected by a natural breakwater, the Island of St. Margarita. Here the battleship fleet engaged in target practice, by permission of the Mexican government, which, however, refused its consent to small arms practice on shore. The United States might have taken Lower California at the close of the war with Mexico, but there was no reason to believe that it would have been in the least useful. Mexico does not now find its possession of any material benefit; but such is national sentiment in the matter of territory that it is improbable that she would consider favorably an offer to buy it. As an available half-way anchorage between the west coast and the Panama canal, the harbor could probably be made serviceable to the fleets of the United States, especially in event of war.—Providence Journal.

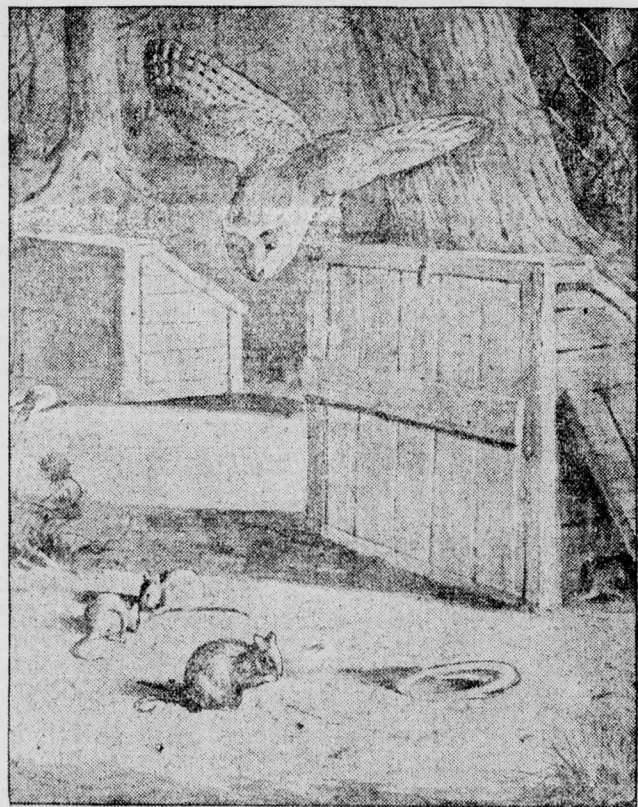
## WE ARE DYING YOUNGER.



N view of all that has been said about the fall in the death rate, it seems strange to realize that we are not living so long as our grandfathers and grandmothers did.

More babies live to grow up nowadays than formerly, but people in later life die younger. Once arrived at adult age, the average man or woman has few years of survival to expect. This seems on the face of it so surprising a statement that in order to be accepted it should be backed up by data authentic and indisputable. Such data are furnished by the figures of the insurance companies (which all agree on the point), but it is easier to refer to the government census reports, which tell the tale in simple and convincing fashion. Even during the last fifteen years the death rate among all persons over 55 years of age of both sexes has risen very considerably.—Health Culture.

## A PLEA FOR A VERMIN-EXTERMINATOR—THE BARN-OWL.



A BARN OWL ON A MOONLIGHT RAT-HUNTING EXPEDITION.

The barn owl is not popular with the country people, and it is a much-persecuted bird. If the farmers only realized how very useful the owl is in exterminating rats and mice they would protect it. The bird would be a very valuable ally to the Society for the Extermination of Rats, which has now begun active work in this country.—London News.

## Wonderful Machines.

The sensitiveness of the human organism is gross indeed when one compares it with certain marvelous machines. A photographic plate, coupled with a telescope, discovers millions of stars whose light the retina of the eye does not appreciate; the microphone makes the inaudible tread of a fly sound like the tramp of cavalrymen. The human heat sense cannot realize a difference of temperature beyond one-fifth of a degree. But the barometer, an instrument 200,000 times as sensitive as the skin, notes a difference of a millionth of a degree. A galvanometer flexes its finger at a current generated by the "coherers" of Branley of Paris, so as to press it out of a spherical shape into that of an egg. The amount of work done by the wink of an eye equals 100,000,000,000 of the winks

marked on the scale of a delicate instrument; but even this performance is surpassed by the "coherers" of Branley of Paris, by which the Hertz waves of wireless telegraphy are caught in their pulsings through space. The range of impressions which we get from lifting an object is exceedingly small. An ordinary chemist's balance is some million times as sensitive and weights down the two-hundredth part of a milligram. Without such instruments as these we should know far less about the world than they place within our reach.

## Knew the Role By Heart.

"Do you think you could learn to love me?" the young man inquired. "Learn to love you?" exclaimed the rapturous maid. "Harold, I could give lessons at it!"—Louisville Courier Journal.

## LATE HAPPENINGS ALONG THE COAST

Interesting Items of News From  
Those States That Border  
the Broad Pacific.

Current Events Among Your Neighbors in  
the Far West Gathered by Mail and  
Telegraph and Presented in  
Kaleidoscopic Array.

Gridley.—This town will soon issue 33,000 of bonds to provide electric light and water systems.

Bellingham, Wash.—A soaking rain emitted the fire wardens and rangers to get the forest fire which raged for several days under control.

Stockton.—This city will hold a special election to determine if saloons are to remain closed on Sundays. The saloonmen are to pay the cost of the election.

Marysville.—William Sisson was drowned in the Sacramento river near Vernon, a few days ago. He was fishing with two companions when the boat capsized. The other men swam ashore.

Reno.—Wingfield and Nixon paid \$1,200,000 for the Goldfield Red Top mine. Two years ago Charles M. Schwab was offered this property for a song. He then pronounced the property little more than a wild-cat.

Oakland.—The first ostrich farm to be started in the bay region will be running in full blast within a month at the corner of High and East Fourteenth streets, in this city. The new concern is a branch of a large farm in San Diego.

Salt Lake City.—The three mile open professional bicycle record was broken last week when F. A. McFarland of San Jose rode it in 5:53 at the Salt Palace track. The former record, 5:55, was established by Ivor Lawson in 1906.

Newman.—Jones' photographic gallery caught fire from defective wiring and the flames spread to Eddlemon's garage adjoining. The building was destroyed but the autos were saved. The loss was \$5000, with almost no insurance.

Spokane.—Curtiss Hawkinberry, convicted of having murdered Percy Shultz in the Kaiser hotel in this city last December, was sentenced to serve from one to twenty years in prison and pay a fine of \$1000. Shultz was murdered in his room while resisting robbery.

Alameda.—The City Council has voted to purchase an \$8000 automobile fire engine, providing the manufacturers will submit the engine to severe tests prescribed by the Police and Fire Commission and put up a bond to insure that the engine will do the required work.

San Mateo.—Work has commenced on the remodeling of the Red Cross hospital, which was presented to the Episcopal church guild by Mrs. White-law Reid. The original building proved too small for the needs of the community, so Mrs. Reid has made a second donation of \$10,000.

Oakland.—Two years and a half in Folsom was the sentence given by Judge Ogden to Henry Wolfe, who pleaded guilty to picking the pockets of John McKenzie of \$7 and a silver watch worth \$9. Wolfe asked to be sent to Folsom so that his mother, who lives not far away, might find it convenient to visit him.

San Francisco.—The roads west of Chicago have decided to give reduced colonist rates to California during September and October, or a period of eight weeks, as opposed to a six weeks' term at the same season last year. The fare will be \$5 more than it was last year, when 48,000 colonists were brought to the Coast.

San Rafael.—Unable to pick his fruit in time to prevent it from decaying, Louis de Voto, a Novato rancher, extended an invitation to the public to take all the fruit. Tons of choice apricots may be had for the asking, de Voto finding the market so well supplied that he is unable to sell the fruit for the cost of picking and crating.

Reno.—The Nevada, California and Oregon Railway will be completed the entire distance between Reno and Al-turas, the county seat of Modoc county, California, by October 15th. This will be the conclusion of a project started several years ago and opening up to settlement what is declared to be one of the richest and most extensive agricultural sections of northern California.

Palo Alto.—An aftermath of the San Francisco fire has arisen in the suit of H. W. Simpkins against the Mergenthaler Linotype Company to recover the sum of \$2088.71 on a contract. Simpkins had two linotype machines for which he had partly paid and on which he carried \$3500 insurance, and in his present suit he is endeavoring to recover a portion of this insurance, a greater portion of which the linotype company collected.

## URGE KINDNESS TO FARM HORSES.

Humane Society Will Endeavor to Form State  
Organization to Protect Animals.

Oakland.—The farmers of Alameda county will get into trouble with the humane officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals during the coming harvest season if they are not gentle in their treatment of the horses used in farm work. The officer intends to make regular trips to the large hay fields of the county this summer.

It has been reported to the society that horses suffering from painful galls are being worked on many of the ranches. In Livermore recently, it is said, animals were found wholly unfit for work. Two of these horses were used in hauling the town sprinkler. It is the intention of the society hereafter to prosecute all offenders in such cases.

At the last meeting of the Oakland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Alameda county, there was a discussion of the plan of the local organization for the formation of a State society, or federation, of the humane societies, as suggested in the annual report of the Oakland body. The plan has been submitted to the thirty humane organizations of California, and has received general approval. Delegates will meet at a convention in Oakland in October to take steps toward forming a State federation.

## Cost of Reforestation Prohibitive.

Berkeley.—That the cost of reforestation is so excessive that it cannot become a governmental function was the statement made in his opening lecture by Findlay Burns of the United States department of forestry to the students of the summer session of the university. He said that the people of the country must preserve their resources and strive rather for the perpetuation of the forests they now have than to reforest groves which have been cut down. Forests, he said, were useful in other ways than that they furnish fuel and building materials. The fact that they hold the earth was their paramount advantage.

## Dog, Girl and Baseball Bat Save Guests.

Pittsburg.—Failing to awaken Mary, the housemaid, with his whines and barks, Jim, the housedog at the hotel of P. A. Finn, 7336 Frankstown avenue, finally bit the plump lower limb of Mary, which protruded from the side of the bed and this awakened her to the knowledge that the house was on fire. With Jim and a baseball bat, Mary became very busy, and hammering on the doors of thirty sleeping boarders she soon had them all in places of safety. Five minutes later the house had been totally destroyed.

## Water Carnival for Healdsburg.

Healdsburg.—This city is preparing for a grand water carnival to be held on August 15th and 16th. A large dam was built across Russian river this spring and the waters have been backed up for a couple of miles, making a large body of water where boating and swimming may be indulged in. It is intended to have a firemen's tourney, launch races and regattas. In the evening there will be illuminated parades of craft on the river, and many novel illuminating effects are promised.

## University Bars Tuberculosis Sufferers.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—No teacher, student or employee infected with tuberculosis will hereafter be admitted to the class rooms or buildings of the University of Utah. Such is the decree promulgated by the regents of that institution. The disease has obtained no foothold at the university, but the recent death of an instructor from Chicago which proved to be due to tuberculosis, called attention to a danger that the authorities are determined to abolish.

## Blind Pigs Pay County Profit.

Napa.—The Board of Supervisors of Napa county has made up its accounts in the recent crusade against the blind pigs about the Veterans' Home at Yountville, and finds that it has not only succeeded in closing the resorts, but is ahead financially. The fines paid amount to \$4250, and the costs have been below \$2000 to the county.

## Car Jumps Track Killing Woman.

St. Louis.—A work car, running at full speed, jumped the track and instantly killed Mrs. Anna M. Cox, a stenographer, who was waiting for a passenger car. The motorman jumped from the car and fled when an angry crowd gathered.

## Lemon Weighs 24 Ounces.

Oakland.—O. W. Parker, living at 2029 Oakland avenue, grew in his garden a lemon that weighed 24 ounces. It is on exhibition at the Chamber of Commerce. The lemon measures 16 1/2 inches one way in circumference and 14 inches the other.

## WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE NATIONAL POLITICAL ARENA

Columbus.—For President, Eugene W. Chafin of Chicago.  
For Vice-President, Aaron S. Watkins of Ada, O.

The above ticket was nominated by the Prohibitionist National Convention, both men being chosen unanimously. The full indorsement of the convention was not, however, given to Chafin until after three ballots had been taken.

The strongest competitor of Chafin was Rev. William B. Palmore of St. Louis, who received 274 votes on the first ballot and 418 on the second ballot, and a comparatively small vote after it was evident that the nomination of Chafin could not be prevented.

Frederick Wheeler, the Los Angeles man, drew 72 votes in the first ballot and 37 in second in the contest for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Both the Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees are candidates for Governor in their respective States on the Prohibition tickets. Eugene W. Chafin, who leads the Prohibition party this year, is an attorney residing in Chicago. He is a native of Waukesha, Wis., and for some years practiced law there. He was at one time candidate for Governor of Wisconsin on the Prohibition ticket, and was this year placed in the running for the same position in Illinois by the Prohibitionists of that State.

Lincoln.—William J. Bryan does not intend to be drawn into the Brownsville case if he can help it. In all his conversations with visiting delegations and others he has carefully refrained from talking on that subject, and a few days ago he put the brand of untruthfulness upon an alleged statement by Bishop Walters of the Afro-Methodist Episcopal Church, to the effect that he had assured a negro delegation that he regarded President Roosevelt's action in that matter as unjust. At the same time he also denied another al-

leged interview of the Bishop that he had discussed the appointment of negroes to office.

These declarations were called forth by a telegram from the Baltimore Sun inquiring as to the truth of the statements said to have emanated from Bishop Walters. To the newspaper men at Fairview Bryan said that he had not and would not take up any issue not contained in the platform.

Bryan and Kern clubs are to be organized in every State under the guidance of the respective State committees. Individual campaign contributions are to be limited to \$10,000.

These were the net results of a conference here among Bryan and Kern, and thirty-two members of the National Committee.

Chicago.—There will be six candidates for first honors at the National convention of the Independent party in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on July 27th. They are Thomas L. Hisgen, Massachusetts, recent Hearst candidate for Governor of that State; Charles A. Walsh of Iowa, secretary of the National committee, who has been in the employ of Hearst for several years; M. V. Howard, Alabama, former Populist Congressman from that State; Dr. Howard S. Taylor of Chicago; Charles F. S. Neal, National committeeman from Indiana, and John Temple Graves, Georgia, now in the employ of Hearst.

Secretary Walsh says that there is no "steam roller" and that convention proceedings will be harmonious. Hisgen and Walsh appear to have the larger number of delegates.

New York.—The Kings County Democratic Committee adopted a resolution indorsing the platform adopted and the nominations made by the National Democracy at Denver and pledging a united support to the platform and candidates.

## WOODWORTH SOUNDS WARNING AGAINST THE ARGENTINE ANT

Oakland.—The mysterious appearance in East Oakland of the Argentine ant, whose devastating presence has cost the loss of millions of dollars of property and even menaced the lives of people, has caused considerable alarm among the residents of Alameda county, and was the main topic of discussion at the conference of the members of the entomological department of the University of California last week. So serious is the advent of the pest considered that Professor Woodworth has reported the matter to Governor Gillett.

The entomological department of the State University is alarmed at the advent of the pest. Persistent efforts to fight the insect in the Mississippi valley have proved absolutely vain, and it is estimated that should the ants increase in California at the same rate as in the Mississippi valley it will require less than ten years for their presence to be felt in every portion of the

State, with menacing results to the fruit crops. In Louisiana, orange and fig crops and whole districts of sugar cane have been wiped out by the pest, and its activities extend even to the cultivation of other pests, such as plant scale and cotton plant lice, protecting these and making them a menace to fruit and ornamental trees and to the cotton fields.

The scientific name of the small creature which is causing so much alarm in East Oakland is the Iridomyrmex Humilis Mayr. It is one of the tiny varieties of ants, being less than one-eighth of an inch in length. It, however, is one of the most daring fighters in the insect world, speedily exterminating or driving out the native ants when it takes possession of a territory, even when these are three and four times its size.

Professor Woodworth says the insect is a greater menace than the white fly discovered a year ago at Marysville.

## WILEY SAYS WIFEY'S BREAD CAUSES NUMEROUS DIVORCES

Atlantic City, N. J.—Good bread would solve the American divorce problem, according to Dr. H. M. Wiley, head of the National Pure Food Commission, who addressed the American Biscuit Bakers' Association at their annual convention here last week.

"Give the American man good bread and you will make him a partisan of the home and fireside," said the originator of the "poison squad."

"If the bakers make good bread and then educate the people to buy their wares," he added, "the great destroyer of domestic felicity, dyspepsia, will be removed and we will hear no more

of the divorce problem.

"Wife's bread has been more the cause of domestic infelicity than any one thing and when this is removed we will find less trouble. The trouble has been that lots of the bread in this country has not been fit to eat. I don't know whether you fellows made it or not, but I'm going to tell you that something is in the wrong. I don't see any reason why the color nature gave to flour is objectionable."

The pure food commissioner declared that the bleaching process by which much of the flour is treated is detrimental to the wholesomeness of the bread.

## WOMEN THREATEN AUTHOR OF BILL AIMED AT SPINSTERS

Atlanta, Ga.—Representative Glenn, who introduced a bill in the Georgia Legislature to prevent women from wearing false charms, alleging that by such devices men frequently were trapped into matrimony, is being overwhelmed with threatening letters from women in many parts of the country. Some of the letters are violent in tone. Three Atlanta letters declare that Glenn ought to be killed.

Glenn seems to take the letters seriously and has asked the house to protect him. He wants a sergeant at

arms as a regular escort. Glenn has gotten into trouble with his wife since the bill was introduced.

"She is very peculiar and she objects to my receiving so many letters from women," he says. "She does not accept my explanation of how these letters come to me. I don't know what moment some vengeful woman may attempt to kill me. I had no idea women had so much venom in them until I introduced the bill. I take it that the allegations regarding pads, corsets, etc., are true, or the women would not be so angry."

## OLD RESIDENT COULD NOT RETURN HOME

Wealthy, Not a Citizen, Refused to Pay \$4  
Tax and is Herded With Asiatics.

Bellingham, Wash.—Because he was born in Scotland and had never been naturalized in the United States, James Ross, a wealthy rancher of North Yakima, who has lived in that place twenty years, was last week refused entrance into the United States without payment of an entrance fee, and when he declined to pay the necessary \$4 was taken to the detention prison in Seattle, herded with a crew of Asiatics and finally deported back to Vancouver.

Finally he paid the fee under protest and was admitted. He declares he will take the matter up to the head of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington and will endeavor to mete out punishment for his unpleasant experience to immigration inspectors.

Ross took a trip to British Columbia last week and his rejection occurred when he attempted to return to this country. He had several hundred dollars on his person when thrown into confinement with the Orientals and is reputed to be worth \$100,000.

## To Fight Citrus Fruit Pests.

Berkeley.—H. J. Quayle, assistant professor of entomology of the university, who is an authority on insect pests, has gone to the southern part of the state to take charge of the campaign against the insect pests of the citrus fruits.

A number of the entomologists of the university will assist Quayle in the work. The investigations will be carried on not only among the citrus fruit pests, but against the blight of the walnut and other pests peculiar to the southern part of the state, where the growers' interests are large.

## China Grateful to U. S.

Peking.—In reply to formal notification that the United States purposed to remit a portion of what is known as the "Boxer" indemnity, China has sent her thanks to the American government and at the same time she conveys a statement of her intention to send each year a considerable number of students for education in America until the entire award shall be paid. China furthermore will send a princely commissioner to Washington to convey the special thanks of the government for this friendly act.

## Former Clubman a Thief.

Portland, Or.—Captured in an exciting chase after robbing three jewelry stores of \$1500 worth of jewelry, Fred Hamilton, formerly a prominent Portland clubman and one of the best known athletes in the State, is locked up at the city jail. There is no doubt of Hamilton's guilt, as he was discovered in the act of smashing one of the jeweler's windows with a brick. Hamilton at one time was Assessor of Skamania county, Wash.

## Napa to Advertise Resources.

Napa.—At a meeting of the board of supervisors of Napa county it was decided to maintain an elaborate display of products and resources of the county in the rooms of the state board of trade in the Ferry building in San Francisco. A suitable appropriation to cover the expense was made and a collection of noteworthy samples of fruits and vegetables has been commenced.

## High-grader Shot by Mine Guard.

Goldfield.—Marcus Rowher was shot and fatally wounded while high-grading in the old Ish-Sheets workings on Mohawk No. 2. Curley Lovell and Burns Colwell, guards, surprised Rowher and his companion at work and ordered them to surrender. Bowher drew a pistol, but was shot by Lovell before he could use it. His companion, William Doran, was captured.

## Lockjaw Caused by Toy Pistol.

Tacoma, Wash.—Gus Slabb, aged 13 years, son of Andrew Slabb, died of lockjaw at the Fannie Paddock Hospital as the result of an accident to his left hand from a toy pistol on the Fourth of July. Little attention was paid to the wound at first, aside from treating it with liniment. Tetanus developed two weeks later.

## Philippine Outlaws Slain.

Manila.—Lieutenants Burr and Whitney, commanding a detachment of the constabulary, attacked and stormed Cota on the island of Mindanao, which was occupied by the outlaw Uyan. Fourteen of the outlaws were killed and two guns captured.

## Old Nevada Politician Dead.

Reno, Nev.—John Considine, a prominent politician of the Comstock and a leader in the Nevada Democracy for years, died last week, a victim of neuralgia of the heart.

## CURRENT NEWS OF THE WORLD

Important Events of the Week in  
Both Hemispheres Compiled  
for Busy Readers.

What Has Happened, What is Happening, and  
What is Likely to Happen, Related  
by Correspondents in Every  
Corner of the Earth.

Chicago.—Officials of the Chicago Automobile Club hereafter will prosecute officers who shoot at automobiles that are exceeding the speed limit.

Santander, Spain.—Fifty-seven fishermen belonging to the ports of Bermeo and Ondarroa have been drowned in a gale which swept the coast for three days.

Boston.—The long period of extreme heat, which resulted in fourteen deaths, scores of prostrations and much suffering, was finally broken with a succession of showers and a cooling wind.

Newcastle, Pa.—Rosario Zerge, 18 years old, was hanged last week for the murder of Antonio Bonti at Hillsville, June 8, 1907. The youth maintained until the last he had killed Bonti in self defense.

Winnipeg.—The Roman Catholic mission at Chippewa Lake, northwest of here, has been totally destroyed by fire. While in flight from the burning building Father Poitras, in charge, and his assistant were drowned in the river.

Kendall, Mont.—Miss Mary Hastings, a nurse in the county hospital at Kendall, is one of the beneficiaries of the late Grover Cleveland. Not a person in town knew that Miss Hastings was related to the former President until the news was made known that she had been left \$3000 from the estate. She is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Hastings, sister of Cleveland.

New York.—Rev. F. B. D. Prickett, a retired Methodist Episcopal clergyman, editor of the Metuchen (N. J.) Weekly Recorder, was shot and killed by Archibald Herron at Metuchen. Prickett was Recorder of that borough up to a year ago, and he once sentenced Herron, who was haled before him frequently, to 10 days' imprisonment for neglecting his family and being drunk and disorderly.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Apparently scenting danger for George Bradbury, aged 17, should he secure a firmer grip on a live electric wire, a bulldog made a leap at the wire and tore it from the hands of the senseless boy. The dog was killed instantly, but his master escaped with a severe shock. Bradbury started to push the wire aside with his hand when the dog made the leap to save his life. Bradbury was unconscious five minutes.

New York.—After Melvin W. Shepard defeated the fleetest runners in the world in the Olympic games at London last week, it was learned that a few weeks ago his application for a position on the New York police force was rejected because of physical disability, the police surgeons saying he had enlargement of the heart and hardening of the arteries. His case is to be reopened and he probably will be given an appointment.

Vienna.—Nathan Straus of New York has donated to Austria, for installation, a complete milk pasteurization plant. The gift is especially valuable to Vienna, where the rate of infant mortality is high. Straus is a New York merchant and philanthropist. In 1890 he originated and has since maintained at his own expense a system of distributing sterilized milk to the poor of New York city, which, according to health statistics, has saved thousands of lives.

New York.—Lashed to a pier, Dominick Bond, a superintendent of construction on a seawall being built, was left to die by his workmen, who believed him drowned. Bond had been in swimming and was taken with cramps. He sank twice, and when he came up unconscious some of the men, believing him dead, passed a rope around him and tied him to a nearby pile while they hastened for assistance. Bond was dead when assistance came. It is believed he could have been resuscitated if proper measures had been promptly taken.

New York.—The conference on summer care of babies, which has just ended, has issued a statement in which attention is called to the notable increase in the number of babies now dying of summer diseases. The figures, which are for babies under one year of age, show that in the six weeks from June 1 to July 11, this year, the increase over 1907 is 50 per cent for Manhattan and The Bronx; 80 per cent for Brooklyn; 133 per cent for Queens; 55 per cent for Richmond, and 66 per cent for all boroughs. The statement also shows that for the last six weeks summer diseases caused 768 out of 1924 deaths.

## At the End of the Lower Level.

By AZILE AIDYL.

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"My heaven!" said old Sinclair as he rose impatiently from the table and reached for his hat. "If only I was strong enough to work it I'd risk the cave-in, put up a drill there at the end of the lower level and bore through that confounded rock myself, and the timber gang c'd go to!"

The door slammed, and his daughter heard him stride on down the trail leading to the mine.

Helen did not wonder at the outburst of temper. Her father had sunk his last dollar in this mine, and now with riches as he confidently believed—almost within his grasp the timber gang refused to work without their last month's pay.

It was impossible to "drift" without them. The mine was unsafe and liable to cave without the support of the big timbers. Sinclair was confident that once through this wall of slate which they had struck in the lower level he would find again the rich ledge which had suddenly stopped 200 feet above. Then wages would be paid with interest.

To Mason, the owner of the adjoining mine, he had said, "Any darn fool knows that a high grade four foot ledge isn't going to stop off short, as though cut in two with a saw, unless old nature's had a spasm and in twisting things about given this slate a chance to wedge itself in."

And now as he swung on down the steep trail he met Mason coming up.

"Things have come to a crisis there, I hear," said the latter, nodding his head in the direction of the mine, "and I'd like to talk to you about it before you go down."

"The miners will not work without the protection of the timbers. I believe you are nearer through that slate than you realize. I was down in the drift today, and the character of the rock is changing. It's quite possible that one more day's work would bring you to the quartz, but the men have quit and you are helpless. What I want to propose is that you let me go down there and work for two or three days. No, no," as Sinclair raised his hand to protest; "It's all right. There is less danger of a cave-in with only one drill at work. Let me try it for a couple of days anyway."

"It's exactly what I would do myself if I was equal to it," said Sinclair, "but it's a big thing for me to accept from you, Mason. If anything went wrong I—"

"Nonsense! It won't go wrong. It's only giving me a chance to prove I am right. And no one need know what I am doing. I'd a little rather you would not speak of it, particularly to Helen. Just a notion. And now I'd like to begin this work tonight."

Sinclair simply grasped his hand. Then together they strode down to the mine.

Everything was quiet. The pounding of the stamps had ceased. The only sign of activity was in the engine room, where the engineer was, as usual, pumping the water out of the shaft.

Sinclair motioned to him. The huge "bucket" poised at the mouth of the shaft. They stepped well on to the center, holding to the rope, and began their descent. Down, down, past the different levels, which were swallowed up in inky blackness, the bucket glided noiselessly on, the only sound being the drip-dripping of the water as it percolated through the timbers lining the shaft.

At last they came to a standstill 1,000 feet below. Sinclair reached over and pressed a button at the side of the shaft, and the entire tunnel was ablaze with electric lights, stretched along its roof.

The two men traversed the entire length of the tunnel to the end of the "stoppe," where the miners had ceased work a few hours before. Sinclair helped Mason to get the Burleigh into position, and then, saying he himself would remain at the engine through the night in case Mason wanted help, he walked through to the shaft and signaled to be hoisted above.

Mason worked until early morning, set off his blasts and went home for a few hours' rest. Returning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he saw that his work of the night before had uncovered rich gold bearing quartz. He clipped off a piece and put it in his pocket, and then, intensely excited, he pushed the car, filled with the worthless slate, along the track to the crosscut, where an enormous bulkhead support was being built with the "waste."

Mason deposited his load on the "dump" and turned to push back when he heard an appalling roar, but only for a fraction of a second, then a tremendous crash, and he felt himself hurled with terrific force against the bulkhead, and all was blank.

Up on the hill at the Sinclair cottage Helen had just returned from her ride, but she lingered, chatting with her father and feeding Sultan his usual lumps of sugar. Suddenly they heard a dull, muffled boom.

Sinclair turned ghastly white as he exclaimed:

"My God—a cave!"

"Oh, dad, thank heaven the men quit work! There's no one in the mine."

"But there is! Mason's there!" cried Sinclair as he rapidly tightened the girth of Sultan's saddle. "He thought he could bore through that wall himself. He's been there since yesterday. He asked me not to tell you."

And the old man sprang into the sad-

die like a boy of sixteen and dashed down the steep trail.

Helen sank limply on the lower step of the porch. Mason to do this thing for her father—Mason, whom she had flattered and treated with scant courtesy!

Her father's words, "He asked me not to tell you," spoke eloquently of wounded pride caused by her mocking words which had sent him away, with the command to remain away for the last three months.

And now—oh, she could not bear it! She gathered up her riding habit and ran swiftly down the trail.

When she reached the mine the entire population of the camp had gathered in excited groups near the hoist. Sinclair, ready to make the first trip down, would permit no one to go with him. Slowly the engineer lowered the old man down the shaft.

The time seemed an eternity, particularly to the tall, slim girl who stood motionless and white apart from the crowd, her eyes strained to catch the slightest vibration of the signal wire. At last came two short jerks—the signal to hoist quickly. A great sob came from the entire crowd.

"It's no use, my friends," Sinclair said, with his eyes on Helen. "The cave began in the 800 foot level and has buried everything as far as the crosscut."

"But the manhole, dad!" came through Helen's white lips.

"There is only one chance in a million that Mason was at that end of the crosscut. But if he was he would by this time have made his way through the north drift to the foot of the manhole, and then think of the climb—hundreds of feet!"

Sinclair led the way, and the anxious crowd moved on to the north end of the claim, where now existed the only egress from the lower level.

Dozens of men were ready to make the descent down the small round well, with its hundreds of feet of ladder, but Sinclair selected one of the younger, stronger men, and just as he stepped over the edge a "clip-clip" was heard. He drew back, and the crowd listened.

The sound came nearer, eager eyes peered into the dark below, and in a few moments eager hands stretched down to lift an exhausted, half fainting man to the surface. His forehead was cut, and the blood made his white face ghastly. His left arm hung limp and broken.

Helen, with a cry, pushed through the crowd to his side and oblivious of any one in the world but him whispered a word in his grimy ear.

His pale face brightened. His eyes shone as he took her hand, and, turning to Sinclair, he said: "You were right, old man. The gold is there. But I think," with a glance toward Helen, "that I as well as you have found a fortune through the lower level."

### Supposing the Ax Had Fallen!

Some years ago an inquisitive medical student, while examining a guillotine in a big waxworks exhibition in London, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp ax suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed or it would fall, as it should, with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain. "I'm thinking," said the gentleman, a Scottish visitor to the metropolis, to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the ax before releasing him from his predicament. The ax was afterward removed and laid by the side of the structure to prevent future accidents.

### The White Flower.

There is a lady living on a main street in a certain great city who had a window full of flowers, all in bloom. One day she answered a ring at the doorbell, to find a little girl perhaps nine years old shivering on the doorstep.

"Please, ma'am," said the waif, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?" The request was such an unusual one that the lady hesitated in surprise.

"Just one little flower," pleaded the child, looking as if she were about to cry.

"Why, of course," said the lady, "you shall have a flower. Come in. You shall have a pretty red rose."

She stepped to the window where the flowers grew, but before she had cut one a light touch fell on her arm.

"Not that one, please—not a red one; that white one." And the little girl pointed to a candidum unfolding its lily petals.

"I cannot cut that one, child," said the lady gently. "Why must you have a white one? Why won't any flower do?"

"Oh, because—because it's for poor mamma. Mamma is dead, and I ran away to get some flowers." The next moment she was sobbing on the bosom of a new friend, and when she went away she carried the precious lily and other flowers to the home where death had been.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## PRESS NOTES

Miss Florence Kennedy visited Miss Bishop at Alma on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Florence Kennedy visited with Mrs. George Fowler of East San Jose Wednesday.

Miss Florence More of Sunnyvale is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. More, of Campbell.

The Rev. Mr. Emory and wife of Cloverdale are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Benjamin Campbell.

Rev. G. E. Atkinson and family are at Capitola, Mr. Atkinson coming home for Sunday service.

Mrs. Harvey Burns and two sons, and sister, Miss Woodward of Salinas, visited Rev. Kellogg and family.

G. W. Page made a business trip to San Francisco last week. He was accompanied by his son Earl and daughter Marie.

Mr. and Mrs. George De Selle are at home on their ranch south of town, having been absent in Oakland for several months.

The Rev. Mr. St. John of San Benito county, a relative of the Cutting family, preached at the Congregational Church Sunday night.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin of Wisconsin, who has been visiting with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, preached the sermon at the M. E. Church last Sunday morning.

The Rev. J. F. Kellogg and family enjoyed a visit from Bishop Warne of India on Friday and Saturday. He is on his way to India from the General Conference and stopped over to visit with Rev. Mr. Kellogg, who was a collegemate of his at Evans-ton. On Friday the two were guests at dinner at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Kieslar (nee Edna Beck) of India, who are now visiting relatives at Berryessa.

The fruit business is in full swing at Campbell now. At the noon and evening hours it looks like a bustling city, with these several hundred fruit workers hurrying back and forth. The cannery presents a lively scene with the large force of workers. The past two weeks have been exceedingly busy ones, the warm weather causing the apricots to ripen very rapidly. This causes a rush at the cannery and drier. At the latter place a hundred or more persons are at work. We understand that some fruit is being shipped to the drier from Alameda county.

Arthur R. Briggs, president of the California State Board of Trade, has received two letters from Secretary James Wilson, of the department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., relative to saving California fruit from the ravages of the thrips. Concerning the thrips, Secretary Wilson writes that the bureau of entomology is well aware of the importance of the investigation and the danger which the thrips threaten to the fruit industry, and that it is his intention to have all the attention given to the problem that the funds appropriated by Congress will permit.

### A Sacred Concert.

The choir of the Methodist Church last Sunday evening gave a sacred concert, which called forth much favorable comment. The program was as follows: Organ and violin voluntary, Miss Beatie and Mr. Scholz; hymn by congregation; scripture reading; anthem, "Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing;" vocal solo, "Ashamed of Jesus," Miss Rodeck; duet, "I Will Extol Thee," Miss Viola Kent and Beth Kennedy; solo, "Love Divine," John Kellogg; duet, "Life's Sea," Mrs. Hurlbert and Miss Florence Kennedy; quartet, Misses Cora Rodeck and Viola Kent, Messrs. John and Will Kellogg; trio, "I Cannot Trace the Way," Misses Florence Kennedy, Viola Kent and Mrs. Hurlbert. The pastor gave a short talk upon some camp meeting reminiscences.

## Cherry Orchard Is a Model One.

Mr. L. L. Fick, whose ranch lies about one mile west of town, has ten acres of cherry trees that for their age are hard to beat for size, general appearance and bearing qualities. The orchard is now eleven years old and the trees are very uniform in size. Only a few trees have been lost from the original setting, and these not from disease but from gophers. There is at present not a tree in the whole orchard with dead or dying limbs.

Mr. Fick has made a careful study not alone of cultivation on the soil, but of every condition affecting his trees, and is probably now the best tree doctor in this section. There is one especially in the orchard that is a standing testimonial to his skill in this direction. Four years ago this tree was sick and looked as if about to die. Its case was a little puzzling, since the owner felt sure its sickness was not sour sap, nor was it caused by worms or gophers. Mr. Fick studied the soil some and finally concluded that since it contains very little gravel, the decomposition of which would produce iron, that possibly the tree needed iron in its circulation. So a liberal supply of iron filings from the factory was placed about the roots, and several rows of ten-penny nails were driven into the trunk. From that time the tree began to improve in appearance and also became a phenomenal bearer. Last year it produced 250 pounds of cherries, and this year nineteen three-gallon buckets of fruit had, up till last Sunday, been gathered from its branches; and there looked to be about three buckets more to be picked. Several photographs were taken of the tree three weeks ago, before any of its fruit was picked. After seeing the effects of this mineral treatment upon the tree, he has been putting waste iron around the other trees.

Mr. Fick has also made a study of the effects of irrigation on his cherry trees. At first the method commonly pursued of running water in furrows close to the trees was used. But after having nearly lost several fine trees through sour sap, he decided this method to be wrong, and tried water in furrows about four feet from the butt of the trees. Since this process was adopted no sour sap has appeared in the orchard. (Mr. Fick has had from six to a dozen women a day packing cherries for shipment during the past three weeks and expects to finish the crop this week.—Sunnyvale Standard.)

### Buttoned-Up.

Next Friday evening, July 24, McIntyre, the great master of oratory, will deliver at the First Methodist Church, San Jose, his lecture on "Buttoned-up People." A popular lecture on the follies of the day, full of sunshine, pathos and magnetic appeal. It cast out devils wherever delivered, and is sure to please. This address bids fair to be one of the classics of the American platform. It never fails.

The editor of Zion's Herald, Boston, writes:

The description as a piece of rhetorical word-painting was imitatively perfect. Robert McIntyre is a genius, with gifts from God that might well make the possessor tremble. He thinks in metaphors, and paints in language by intuition. We thought to make notes, but are so much interested and entertained, that note book and pencil are soon forgotten.

CHARLES PARKHURST, D. D.

The genial wit, Bill Nye, known the world over, said:

In the matter given by Robert McIntyre and his original manner of presenting it, I regard his work as wonderful. He held his audience with perfect mystery. We have lectures and lecturers, but only a favored few who can administer their lectures painlessly and without the use of anesthetics. Robert McIntyre is one of these. No one will regret hearing him. BILL NYE.

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### High School Teachers Elected.

On last Saturday the Campbell Union High School trustees met and elected teachers for the coming school year. There was no change made in the faculty, the members, with subjects taught being as follows: Principal, J. Fred Smith (Mathematics and Science); Irving N. Snow (Latin and Botany); Miss Ethel Catton (German and History); Miss Agnes Brown (English); Miss Helen Matthews (Latin and Commercial Branches). Salaries were also fixed as follows: The principal is to receive \$1600 per year, Mr. Snow \$1000, and the other teachers \$900.

Mr. Fablinger was re-elected janitor.

The board organized by electing Dr. P. C. Hartman, president and J. F. Duncan, clerk. The other two members are Marshal Ross and D. R. Pender.

R. E. Dunphy recently purchased the orchard home which for so many years was occupied by the late Senator and Mrs. Conklin on the San Jose and Los Gatos road, at the junction of the Dry Creek road. Mr. Dunphy and family have been living in East San Jose for several months, their son, Nicholas, being an employee in the Post. They purchased at Campbell on account of the high school facilities, mainly, and expect to move here in September. The family came from Lincoln, Neb., a year or more ago. Mr. Dunphy represented his district in the State Senate and is a great admirer and intimate acquaintance of Mr. Bryan. It is with pleasure we welcome this family to Campbell.

### CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

State of California County of Santa Clara } ss.  
We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, under the firm name and style of The Capitol Market, that the names in full of all the members of such partnership are George J. Beck and Fred Erb, and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our names hereto subscribed.

Names. Residences.  
George J. Beck 332 E. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.  
Fred Erb 83 S. 3rd Street, San Jose, Cal.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 30th day of June, A. D. 1908.

GEO. J. BECK.  
FRED ERB.

State of California County of Santa Clara } ss.  
On this 30th day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight, before me, H. J. Dougherty, a Notary Public in and for the said County of Santa Clara, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared George J. Beck and Fred Erb, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, the day and year in this certificate first above written.  
[Seal]  
H. J. DOUGHERTY,  
Notary Public in and for the County of Santa Clara, State of California.  
My term expires Jan. 25th, 1909.

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## SOCIETIES.

**Masonic Notice**  
Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.  
F. K. BARTHOLOMEW, Master.  
JAMES FABLINGER, Secretary.

**Independent Order of Odd Fellows**  
Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.  
W. M. BRATTIE, Noble Grand.  
W. R. COUPLAND, Secretary.

**Rebekahs**  
Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers are cordially invited to attend.  
MRS. W. W. DUNHAM, Noble Grand  
MISS ETHEL HILLS, Secretary.

**Patrons of Husbandry**  
Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.  
A. C. KESLING, Worthy Master.  
MRS. ADA KESLING, Worthy Secretary.

**Woodmen of the World**  
Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.

**Fraternal Aid Association**  
Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.  
MRS. M. J. WILSON, President  
MRS. H. E. BRANDESBERG, Secretary.

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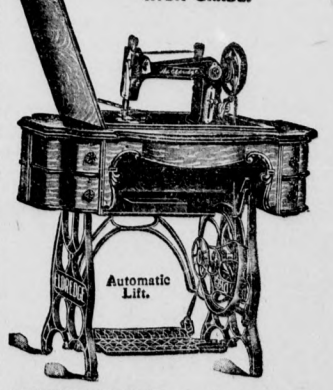
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